

# The Frances Shimer Record

October, 1925





### Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

#### FORM OF LEGACY

I do give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, a corporation organized for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor or executors to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within \_\_\_\_\_ months after my decease.

#### FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

\* \* \* \*

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, Dean and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.







Mrs. Winona Branch Sawyer



# The Frances Shimer Record

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# LITERARY

TODAY *I saw*—

The break of dawn;  
The beauty of a glowing tree;  
The gleam of smoldering embers;  
And death everywhere.

TODAY *I smelled*—

Frost in crispy air;  
Rain on autumn leaves;  
Apples in the bin;  
And death everywhere.

TODAY *I heard*—

The chipping of squirrels;  
The laugh of a loved one;  
The last song of a bird;  
And death everywhere.

TODAY *I felt*—

The poignancy of departure;  
The deepness of sleep;  
The fullness of earth;  
And life everywhere.

—Mildred Augustine, *College '26*—



## Cow Punchers

The days of the "Wild West" are gone. They have vanished like the buffalo and the covered wagon. No longer are the ranches of the western states the great kingdoms where the owner was king and the top-hand a crown prince. Where vast herds grazed, or countless cattle raced to death in stampedes, there are now peaceful farms, oil wells perhaps, or cultivated fields. Over the old drive-trails through valleys where once were held the round-ups, are improved and graded highways where the tourist in his "flivver" roll along.

The ranches themselves have changed. The old log cabins have been replaced by brick, stone, and stucco houses of popular design. Where the log bunkhouse stood once, there is now a modern building with electric lights, telephone, and radio.

And the men of the range have changed too. Gone is the notorious two-gunned Bad-man, gone is the hard ridin', straight shootin' hero of countless daredevil and impossible episodes. No longer are big hats, silver spurs, gaudy kerchiefs, wide belts, two guns, and fast horses, marks of the cow boy.

There is no other class of wage-earner which is more interesting to study. In the first place, the cow-punchers are wholly human and wholly American. They love to play and they are full of practical jokes and pranks. Nearly every puncher I have ever known had some musical instrument in which he was greatly interested and which he played more or less well. They play as hard as they know how, but their work is their chief amusement. For a life of thrills and excitement, theirs, perhaps, offers more opportunity than they realize, for to them the thrills of sunrise and sunset, of storm and clear, and of a continual nearness to nature seem commonplace and uneventful.

From all stations in life do they come. One man of my acquaintance was a college professor in a western university until his health failed. Since then he has "punched cows". One of the best workers I ever knew is a man of middle age who can neither read nor write and who signs his bank checks with his brand.

They are the neatest people in the world. I have watched them spend hours patching shirts, mending chaps, and even darning their socks. They will oil and re-oil a pair of stitched and highly decorated boots for which they might have paid as much as a hundred dollars. Their hands, protected from everything by gloves, are smooth and soft, white as a woman's, and carded for industriously and regularly with a Cutex set.

Is your picture of the "sons of the West" spoiled? Are they any less true men than were the men an age before them? No. It is only external appearances which have changed. The hearts that beat in the modern riders are as full of youth, life, vigor, and love as were those hearts of old. Without the punchers of today the West cannot progress. They are the same in spirit, even as the West is the same. But times have



changed and the good-looking young man in a felt hat, and a perfectly tailored suit, with such charming manners, may be a cow puncher. They are not the wild, woolly, rough creatures they have been pictured. They are just men, these cow-punchers. Margaret Wilder, *Academy* '26.

### Impressions

#### LEAVING HOME

In the midst of farewells, I made hasty preparations to climb into the auto, which was waiting to take me to the station. The farewell part was rather limited, however, while plenty of stress was put on instructions as to my behavior; when to get off the cars, and not to forget my travelling bag, when I did get off; to be sure to send my laundry soon enough so that it would get home before Monday; and to write home at least once every day.

All these, and many more which I can no longer remember, were the parting words of my parents; and this was my impression of leaving home.

#### MT. CARROLL

As a group of other girls and I excitedly got off the train the evening of the eighth, the first thing we noticed was a large frame barn which needed sadly a coat of paint. Near it were some horses and buggies. When I looked around, I could see just a few more small buildings. So this was Mt. Carroll! My dismay cannot be expressed.

Amid the excitement, I felt some one grab my bag, yelling, "Taxi, taxi!" The next thing I knew I was in an automobile with the rest of the girls. For the first time, I now saw the real station, and this was a relief, as I had thought the huge frame building that needed paint so badly was the station.

When I voiced my disappointment in the town, roars of laughter burst forth. "Why you poor child, did you think that was the town?" all the old girls shrieked.

And *that* was my first impression of what I thought was Mt. Carroll.

#### MY ROOMMATE

"She's come!"

"No! What does she look like? Is she nice?"

"Oh!"

That "Oh" of Nancy's was noncommittal. Somehow my visions were uneasy. But I consoled myself speedily even if those awesome words "highly recommended scholastically" that had been used in a written description of her did loom before me in blazing letters.

I burst in at the door impulsively. A breath of icy air struck me. Two cold brown eyes surveyed me disapprovingly. I felt convicted of childishness, frivolity, and boisterousness. I looked at my toes cautiously to see if I were standing "pigeon-toed", as I do in a state of supreme embarrassment. I was! I set my feet carefully in a parallel position, and greeted the goddess-like young person with similar care. She inclined her head in my direction, murmured something about "enjoying a



profitable year", and returned calmly to the business of unpacking. As my trunk was still enroute, I balanced myself uncomfortably on the edge of an unoccupied chair, and plied "Her" with questions that I felt she considered perfectly superfluous. I was "squelched", and showed it, I imagine, and after a few more fruitless attempts at conversation, I vanished on the pretext of finding an "old girl". And that was my first impression of the young goddess who was my share of the Shimer institution known as "roommate".

#### MY ROOM

As I entered College Hall I liked it at once. The fire-place, the stairway, everything appealed to me. We went up-stairs and found my room at the end of the hall.

I opened the door—and what a change! It was the most desolate, forlorn, cold-looking room I have ever seen. The windows looked like—well, I do not know what. The shades were up and there were no curtains; of course I was not expecting curtains, but I did not know what a difference they would make in the appearance of a room. The radiator was in front of one window and even it looked as cold as it was.

We went in. The bed in the corner was made, and so I knew my roommate had come. There was a small rug in front of her bed, and that corner did look a little better than the rest of the room, but I could not look at that part all of the time. There was a bed in the other corner. It had one of those beautiful, broad-striped, faded mattresses on it, with an equally beautiful pillow, and there I was to sleep for nine months! How pretty my walnut bed at home seemed! The table looked as if it had been thrown in, and happened to land right side up. It was not a handsome table by any means, but looked just like what it was to be used for, a study table. I thought how comfortable it would be sitting on those hard, straight-backed chairs studying at that table. The chiffoniers did not look ugly. Why, I thought they were really quite nice-looking; and so was the rocking chair. There was a book-shelf on one wall, but otherwise the walls were bare except for the picture molding, and it was not especially ornamental. I looked in the closet, but did not spend much time doing so, for it looked as bare as the room. There were two lights, one from the ceiling, and one from the wall. I thought we would, at least, have plenty of light; there was even an extra light bulb.

After a second look at the room, it did not seem so uninviting, but when my mother suggested that I go down-town with them to stay all night, I was perfectly willing to spend one more night with my family before starting boarding-school life.

#### THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

College hall had been quiet for some time. The hooting of two owls could be heard in the distance, but there was no other sound except the rustling of the leaves on the tree outside our window, or the scratching of a pen, or the noisy crackle of a leaf of a book. It was the first time in

our week's stay that Edith and I had been initiated into late study hours.

Suddenly, breaking the stillness of the night, we heard the crunching of heavy boots on the sidewalk below our window. We thought it must be a man by the heavy tread of his feet. Both of us looked at each other as if to say, "Who would be on the campus at this time of night?" Since we had more studying to do, we continued our work without attempting to find out who our visitor might be. Just as we were starting to study once more, some one called, "Come girls, come girls, put out your lights! Put them out now! Eleven o'clock, all lights out!"

For a few seconds neither of us could think why any one would be telling us to put our lights out. Then it came to us that this was boarding-school life, and our caller, the night watchman. Snap!—the light went out, and a few moments later my roommate and I were drifting dreamily into the Land of Nod.

## Happiness

Some think happiness some great stone,  
A radiant sparkling jewel.  
I think it is a violet  
Looking in a pool.

Others say it vanished long ago,  
To be sought in vain.  
I always seem to find it  
In a warm June rain.

Oh ye Seekers of Happiness,  
Look to the little things,  
Let unawares she pass you by  
On butterfly wings.

Ruth Barker, *Academy '24*.

## The Campus by Moonlight

Purple shadows,  
Velvet sky,  
Star studded.

A crescent moon  
Spreading a silver aureole  
Over the bell tower.

Majestic pines, stately elms rustling  
In the night's soft wind.  
Moon shimmer on the silent halls.



The night watchman treading  
On dead leaves  
Passes.

And the campus is still.

Elene Rogers, *Academy '26.*

### Never Count Your Chickens

Sis was entertaining and did not want me around (she thinks I am extremely childish and a nuisance), so I took a book and Buddy-dog, and went down to the rocks on the lake shore to read.

But for some reason the book did not interest me. Perhaps there was not enough "mush" in it to suit my romantic fifteen-year-old mind. I put it aside and idly watched the people on the beach. Then my eyes caught sight of a lone bather coming toward me along the upper path. At first, I did not pay much attention to him because I was too much interested in watching the feats of a swimmer near the beach. However, as he came nearer, my curiosity was aroused. Who was he? Why was he leaving the strand? Where was his home?

My heart gave a little leap as he climbed the cliff above me; for I could see that he was just a boy and was very handsome. You see, I have always liked all good looking young men. But what was he going to do up on that cliff? He stood as if he were—yes, he was going to dive off. I gasped, because I know very well that the lake along our point was too shallow for diving. Before I could scream, I saw him whirl through the air, and heard the splash as he struck the water.

Breathlessly I watched to see if he would appear. Before the last ripples had quieted, I made a dash for the spot. Just as I reached it he came up, but it was plain to my view that he had been stunned and consequently would go under again. I grabbed him and held his head above water while I whistled for Buddy-dog, who had gone hunting. He came with a leap and a bound, and in a few minutes we had the stranger up in my little seat on the rocks. Then I sent Buddy-dog to the house for help while I tried to make the young man comfortable.

"Thrilly" thoughts raced through my brain. Would not Sis and her crowd be surprised to see such a grand-looking boy lying with his head in my lap? They would envy me, I knew. Of course He would "go" with me. No doubt he would ask me to marry him because I had saved his life. I thought of myself as his wife, the mistress of a large and stately home. I smoothed his hair and stroked his forehead, and thought how often I would do it after we were married. I would give formal teas, and have only the "best" people as guests. He would love me devotedly, and I should always be his adoring slave!

My reverie was interrupted by the arrival of Sis and her guests who had come to take Him up to the house. I was very calm and dignified as I told how it all happened, and for once, Sis treated me with due consid-

## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

eration. I pictured to myself her surprise and envy when I announced my approaching marriage. (Sis had been trying to catch a man for three years.)

They put him to bed and called the doctor. Anxiously I waited for the result of his examination. I knew just what I would do the minute the doctor left. I would rush to His bedside and, with my arms around Him, would pledge undying love for Him. I would nurse him back to health; then we would be married and live happily forever.

A woman's voice broke in on my thoughts. It was a sweet, anxious voice. "Oh where is he? I saw you bring him here! I want to go to him. Won't you show me the way?"

I turned, and coolly viewed her. "Why do you wish to see him?" I asked in icicle tones. "Are you interested in any way?"

"Of course I am, or I wouldn't ask for him. I am his wife, Mrs. Russell Mowry. Please hurry and take me for I must hasten back to the baby. Its nurse is so incompetent. I'll send the ambulance for my husband when I return."

Katheryn Reeves, *College '27.*







### Over The Alps Lies Italy

Do you remember away back in freshman days when the ancient world was our happy hunting ground. Hannibal had a motto "Over the Alps lies Italy". To him, Italy was the goal of his ambitions, the dream of his life. All of us have similar visions. Our goal may be in "Punkin Center" or Europe; but somewhere in the seething life outside exists an Italy made sunshiny when the warmth of an ambition fulfilled enters. Shimer is our preparation for that Italy. Here we must make decisions that put us nearer and nearer to the final target-point. We choose our friends, we study, or we do not study, we choose our amusements wisely or otherwise; we plan our entertainments, we reach all our social and moral decisions. And whatever we do here, enters into the minute mosaic that in our futures becomes our Italy. In this year before us which is as yet a white sheet unblotted, let us make our Shimer world the first scene in the interlude before our Italy.

### Ships of State

Again "our ship of state" has sailed from the placid seas of vacation into the whirling restless torrent of everyday school life. The wide circle of our vacation world has closed in around us so that we move in a little part of the world that is individually ours. It matters to us a great deal whether or not Mary Jane likes us, or our haircut, or our accent. We see nothing before us but that with which we are intimately connected, whether seas of chemistry or smooth floors for dancing. Life seems to us to have a minimum amount of loveliness to offer and much of the drabness. Cheer up! After all, life is what you or I make it. It's up to us whether our ship shall sail through the Frances Shimer seas with flying banners or wear the black seal of discontent or failure. Let us broaden

# THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

our horizon, and let in some of the happy, lovely spirits of knowledge that will transfer our gray mornings into brilliant sunsets.

## Ode to Roommate

Roommate! Thy talents are many and terrible to look upon! You arise with the sun, and fill my dreamy moments before the bell with soft clumpings of your number eights! You eat bon-bons continuously, yea, from morning until sunset! You chew gum from seven fifty-nine A. M. to ten fifty-nine P. M.! You are a genius at the art! You wear my woolen sweaters which are half a size too small for you! You scatter cracker crumbs on the floor of our palatial palace, yet it is my back that bends over the broom to gather them up.

You love jazz music and are forever mumbling it beneath your breath! You study in the same manner until Trig and French are a mixed chemical substance to me!

But, in spite of all this, you *are* my roommate, and because of this I must learn to bear and forbear even as you also are doing with me.







The Athletic Association held a very successful meeting shortly after school began. The business before the assembly was to elect new officers for the present school year. The meeting was exceedingly well attended and showed a decided increase in the interest in this organization.

The officers elected were:

President—Dorothy Dawson.

Vice President—Jessie Brown.

Secretary—Agnes Reeves.

Treasurer—Helen Grobhen.

Recorder of Points—Myra Polacheck.

Leader of Hikes—Stella Thal.

Head of Hockey—Gene Harrison.

Tennis—Jane O'Boyle.

Golf—Margaret Wilder.

Basket Ball—Helen MacDonald.

Dancing—Bernice Williams.

Volley Ball—Ruth Howell.

Base Ball—Frances Kernohan.

The outlook for all athletics seems to be unusually bright this year. All sports are crowded and the interest in "gym" is strong, although school has been in session but a month. We are lucky in having some golf and tennis champions among us; in fact, there are girls who stand out as leaders in every sport. The weather has been the enemy who impedes our progress in athletics, but there has been a loyal "turn-out" for hikes and indoor gym. Our new coach is very efficient and has everything organized in top-notch fashion. The student coaches who work with her are showing their ability in this line.

For the benefit of those who do not understand, it may be well to say that everyone is invited and expected to join the A. A. The dues are fifty cents a semester and may be paid to Helen Grobhen in College Hall.

It is surprising to note how many girls are willing to give up their Monday morning sleep to hike. The numbers have been as great as forty-five and fifty. Girls who are working for letters find this a pleasant way to earn points.

By far the most enthusiasm is shown in hockey. There are always more than enough out for two teams in both the advanced and beginners' classes. You may know the interest and enthusiasm is not exaggerated

## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

when girls will have an hour's extra practice on Saturday afternoons. Everyone is anxious to attain her best form for the Thanksgiving game. While the Academy has lost some good players to College, it has gained others and one can foresee a close game at the end of this season.

Golf, as always, is a much favored sport, in which many girls take part. The course has been put in fine shape since the beginning of the school year. With so many local golf champions there ought to be a great deal of excitement, especially next spring when the tournament is held. We think "Skinny" and Myra will find a true opponent this year in Helen Grobben.

Tennis seems to become more popular every year; at least, we have more tennis enthusiasts. The courts have been so much in demand that our three courts are inadequate and it is certain that a few new ones could be used to good advantage.







School opened September 8 with registration of house pupils on and after 2 p. m. Seventeen states are represented in the student body; college girls are more numerous than high school girls.

The new teachers for the year are: Miss Frances E. Emerson, M. A. University of Chicago, History; Miss Edna Thoreen, M. A. University of Illinois, French; Miss Clara C. Ruedenbusch, M. A. University of Wisconsin, Spanish; Miss Lenore Luenzmann, B. A. University of Wisconsin, Physical Education; with Elizabeth Miles, B. A. Wellesley College, in charge of Study Hall and assistant in English.

An average of three people were in the office all summer. The demand for information was never so great and the correspondence was heavy. Hundreds of catalogs, books of views, and leaflets describing the School went to all parts of the country on request by those seeking a school for girls. As a rule literature went out the day the request was received, along with a personal letter with attractive enclosures to every inquirer. A week later another letter, typed and signed, followed. An unusual number called at the School and were shown over the buildings by the Secretary or by the Accountant.

### Student Government

After the usual hum of getting acquainted had subsided, the girls met to elect officers for their student government.

This year, a new initiative was taken when the girls were nominated from the floor. Miss Morrison and the former house committee took the material given and arranged it.

Elections were held and the following officers elected:

President—Zola Girdey.

Vice President—Darlene Sherer.

Secretary—Olive Smith.



# THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Treasurer—Sally Anne Bear.

Student government has long been a peculiar privilege of the college students. We feel that it helps us realize the ethical value of self discipline, and makes us have a more distinct sense of honor in keeping the rules.

We hope that, with the individual cooperation of every girl, it will be as successful this year as in former years.

## Mrs. Winona Branch Sawyer

It is a pleasure to print in this issue of the *Record* a picture of Mrs. Winona Branch Sawyer of Lincoln, Nebraska. Mrs. Sawyer is a graduate of the School in the Class of 1871, then known as Mount Carroll Seminary. Mrs. Shimer then owned the School, and she assisted Mrs. Sawyer, then Winona Branch, in finding ways to pay her expenses while in school.

Later Miss Branch married Hon. A. J. Sawyer of Lincoln, Nebraska. Mrs. Sawyer invested in some real estate in Lincoln in 1876. These lots increased in value, and in 1887 she sold them and erected a residence with the proceeds. As time passed the property still further increased in value. She sold it recently and sent \$18,000 to Frances Shimer School to erect a house for the head of the School.

The architect is at work on the plans, and it is expected that the contract will be let in time to have the building ready for occupancy when school opens next September. It is to bear the name, "The Winona Branch Sawyer House".

Mrs. Sawyer has been prominent in the social and intellectual life of Lincoln for many years.

The relations between Mrs. Sawyer and Mrs. Shimer were very near, and lasted until the death of Mrs. Shimer. When Mrs. Shimer conceived the idea of transferring the School to other hands she met President Harper and Dr. Thomas W. Goodspeed in the Sawyer home in Lincoln, and the papers were signed there by which the Mt. Carroll School property was deeded to a Board of Trustees consisting of the President, Secretary, and Business Manager of the University of Chicago and twelve former students or residents of Mt. Carroll. It was a part of the agreement that two-third of the Trustees should always be members of Baptist churches.

Mrs. Sawyer was present at the School with other members of the Class of 1871, in 1920, and it is hoped that she may be present again, when the new Winona Branch Sawyer House is opened.

This contribution by Mrs. Sawyer fills a long-felt want. In fact, in all its history of more than seventy years the School has never had a separate home for the head of the School. Commodious and comfortable space in West Hall has, in recent years, made a really delightful home for the Dean and Mrs. McKee, but this contribution will enable them to live in a house detached, which offers many advantages, socially and otherwise.

This gift came wholly without solicitation. Mrs. Sawyer thought the matter through without any consultation with the Trustees of the School.



and wrote the Dean after she had decided to make the contribution.

## The MacDowell Club

The MacDowell Club last year elected Gertrude Fenske as President for this year. As yet they have held but one meeting, but if the promise of this one is fulfilled, we shall have a very live organization in this club. The following officers were elected:

Vice President—Jeannette Butler,

Secretary—Marjorie Freer,

Treasurer—Laurel Phillips.

A meeting is planned for every other Sunday after dry lunch. There seems to be a great deal of active interest in the club, which, by the way, is open to any Shimerite. They plan to do a great deal of work, helpful to any one interested in music. Bon Voyage, MacDowell Club.

## Writers' Club

Shades of the immortal Shakespeare! We have taken up the remnants of his pen and ink and are starting out as potential modern Williams. Twenty of us met in Miss Pollard's room immediately after dry lunch, Sunday, October fourth. An informal meeting followed at which the following officers were elected:

President—Zola Girdey,

Vice President—Frances Kernohan,

Secretary—Mildred Augustine,

Treasurer—Dorothy Runkle.

We have planned great things for the coming year. Besides studying the works of modern writers, we intend to do more or less prospecting in the field ourselves. Two meetings will be held every month. Watch us! We are a new organization but we plan to count on campus.

## Vesper Notes

Our Vesper services so far this year have been such that the town churches have done away with their evening services in order that their members might join us here. The Dean has told us that the Board of Trustees has made it possible for us to have an out-of-town—or at least an out-of-school—speaker twice a month.

Dean Butler of The University of Chicago delivered our first Sunday night address, his subject being "Education and Religion". He told us the relation between education and vocation, and pointed out the important part religion plays in both. We see Doctor Butler several times during the year, as he is the president of our Board of Trustees, but all of us are glad to welcome him each time he comes.

On September 21, Mr. Carlos Smith, originally a Mt. Carroll man, gave us an interesting account of his travels and work abroad. He seems to have been unusually lucky in that he has been twice around the world, and his adventures have been varied. His work as a teacher in the Philippine Islands prevents him from returning to his old home town oftener than once in each six years; therefore there are not many of us who heard

# THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

him speak when he was here on his previous visit. He is now taking some lecture courses at Columbia University, before he returns in the spring to the Philippines.

Doctor Baker of The University of Chicago talked on October 11 to us on the subject of "Holy Ground", the inner soul shrines all of us possess. He has a definite personality that transmits itself successfully to his listeners, and he left us with the impression that anything particularly fine and worth while leaves. We all hope he comes again.

## Y. W. C. A.

The new officers for Y. W. C. A. cabinet were elected before summer vacation and began their duties at that time. The officers and committee chairmen are as follows:

- President—Mildred Augustine.
- Vice President—Jessie Brown.
- Secretary—Jeanette Butler.
- Treasurer—Katherine Tyrrell.
- Social Services—Gene Harrison.
- Religious Education—Ruth Tonzalla.
- Social—Ruth Smith.
- Meetings—Isabel Erzinger.

Among the first Vespers held, was our Y. W. C. A. service at which the cabinet explained their different departments to us.

The Y. W. promises to be very influential organization on campus this year. It was the sponsor of our "Who's Who Party", our picnic, our marshmallow roast, and our stunt night, and also had a very successful membership drive. The cabinet plans great things for the coming year—separate religious meetings for Academy and College; and also a Japanese bazaar after Thanksgiving. They are still carrying on their program work at the Old Ladies' Home. We all wish them a very successful year!

## Artist Recital

Much interest centered in the first artist recital of the season, the occasion being the appearance Wednesday evening of Carol Robinson, the well known pianist, who was greeted by a full house. Miss Robinson was no stranger to many in the audience, although this was her first introduction to Mt. Carroll in the capacity of a concert performer who has won her spurs and gained for herself a prominent place in her chosen profession and in the favor of the public. She is the daughter of Clara White Robinson, Springfield, Illinois, who graduated from the School in 1877.

She is essentially the brilliant type of pianist, with great powers of endurance and sustained energy, whose style is confident and sure. The program was calculated to show her splendid technical equipment and each number was given with unusual precision and incisive rhythmic accent. The program included composers who represent successive phases in the development of piano literature from the early classic through the romantic period to the modern.



Miss Robinson went at her task with zest and gave examples of many varieties of technical skill in her brilliant performance.

Two decided novelties, undeniably effective even though their artistic message may be of no extraordinary moment, were Chabrier's extremely idiosyncratic *Bonnee Fantastique* and De Falla's *Ritual Dance of Fire*. This unusual composition by the Spanish composer was played with great individuality and aroused much enthusiasm. Miss Robinson very graciously responded to the applause and added Chopin's *Etude in E Major* to the evening's program.

### Chapel Services

Chapel services occasionally vary from the usual song, prayer, and recessional, giving way to an outside speaker or to a program of special music.

This year, the music faculty is responsible for the Thursday chapel service. We may thank Miss Wallace for the vocal selection by Miss Lucille Wachtel, an alumnus of Frances Shimer, and lately a student of Chicago Musical Conservatory, who was at home for a visit before starting on a winter concert tour.

October the 8th, Ruth Tonzalla, accompanied at the second piano by Miss Schuster, gave us an interesting program. We all look forward to Thursday mornings.

On September 22nd, Mr. Joseph Koshala, a representative of the Near East Relief, told us briefly, but vividly, of the conditions existing in his native land and in surrounding territory, and of the Turkish massacres. For the comparatively small sum of \$100, an American child can be supported for one year. The girls of College Hall donated enough for one child, and the girls of McKee for another, so each hall now has an adopted child.

On October 4th, E. D. Hester, son of the present Methodist pastor, gave us a most interesting illustrated talk on "The Hill Tribes of Luzon". We all enjoyed it, and were glad of the chance to hear more of that group on islands under the protection of the United States, and in which Mr. Carlos Smith, a teacher located there, had aroused an interest by his talk at a former vesper service.

### Saturday Nights

Sept. 10.—Who has not enjoyed the fireside glow of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster"? The play followed the book even more than ordinarily. The characters were almost real, and we all enjoyed the peep into early folk-lore days of Indiana.

Every year the first Saturday night is given over to a "Who's Who" party, sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. Various means are provided for everyone to meet everybody and, in short, "a good time is had by all". The order of the evening is invariably as follows: A reception by the Dean and faculty; a short program; and then dancing and refreshments. This year for the program Miss Wallace sang, Lillian Bowman played, and Madeleine Arnold gave a pinnologue. Immediately we begin to feel more



# THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

at home and more enthusiastic over school life.

On September 19, the student body was divided in eight groups, each having at its head a member of the Y. W. cabinet and two or three members of the faculty. Then laden with much food, each group took itself off to some delightful picnic spot and began to enjoy itself. A few of each group were chosen to be cooks, and the rest spent the time in planning a stunt which was to be put on in the gym as soon as we needs must return to the campus. The food was delicious and the stunts clever, in other words, a good evening.

The night of September the 16th, the Athletic Association gave us a "Kid" party. Everyone dressed as a kid under ten years of age, and the evening was quite enthusiastically given over to kid games and kid stunts. Most of us enjoyed the novelty of returning for one brief evening to an evening of Peter Pan frolic.

The first Saturday night in October was spent in doing more or less what one pleased. In other words, it was "Open" night.

Oct. 10, "Sally of the Sawdust" brought to us the childhood glamour of pink lemonade. There was a particularly good character part in the play, and the play was generally conceded a real laugh producer. As we are very literal minded, we prefer a few grain of common sense occasionally.

On October 17, such a motley collection of Bohemians and long-haired poets gathered at an "Artists' Ball", given by our own Diversion Club, that we began to believe Shimer had been turned into a Pierrot stage. We watched with much enjoyment all the antics of our would-be artists, and chuckled to ourselves. The ambrosia that artists afforded us took the shape of pie, ice-cream, pop, and candy. More was to be had for the price, and there was the usual dancing. A lively time!

## Class Notes College Sophomore Notes

Soon after school began the Class of '26, College, met to elect officers. The officers chosen for the coming year are as follows:

President—Ruth Smith.

Vice President—Isabelle Erzinger.

Secretary—Marian Kunstadter.

Treasurer—Janice Coshun.

After the election, Frosh Week, the topic of paramount interest, was discussed pro and con. Many were the suggestions, clever and otherwise, offered as to the penalties the "green frosh" were to suffer. Finally, after much discussion, in which all the members took part, the date September 28 was decided upon as the initial date of Frosh Week. Having no further business the meeting then adjourned.

We feel that much rests on us as the proverbial dignified class on campus. We have reached our high estate by way of the deep valleys, and now on the heights we plan great things. Remember us! We are here!



### A Sophomore View of Fresh Week

Fresh Week to the Sophomores is mainly a time of "Black Revenge". When they were young and green, they endured all sorts of trials and tribulations, and decided that the Fresh of the next year would pay doubly.

There was such scrubbing with toothbrushes, cleaning of rooms, shining of shoes, pressing of clothes; in fact, all things most irksome to the dignity of the Sophs.

Finally, when Wednesday came, the Freshmen, tired with "buttoning", running, going up-stairs backwards, and of eating with their knives, spoons, or fork handles, were only too glad to have the Sophomores say, "That's all for this time." But—had the Fresh only known how hard it was for their dictators to know what to dictate, maybe they would not have felt such deep, black things in their hearts. However, it's all over, and the Sophomore Class congratulates and admires the freshmen for the splendid spirit shown.

### College Freshman Notes

On September 21, the Freshman class held its first meeting to elect the following officers of this year:

President—Jane O'Boyle.  
Vice President—Helen Higbee.  
Secretary—Ruth Tonzalin.  
Treasurer—Virginia Taggart.

We were the victims of tradition for three days starting September 28. The high and mighty Sophomores reigned supreme while we, poor Fresh, groveled at their feet. We scurried around campus with perky green caps adorning our heads, our countenances devoid of all cosmetics, "buttoning" to the domineering upper-classmen at every turn.

Monday evening, September 28, we entertained our superiors with various stunts, Tuesday we furnished an orchestra for their dancing, but Wednesday evening the tables were turned and the Fresh were served steaming coffee and "hotdogs" by the Sophs.

As a Freshman class we plan to accomplish much this year. Watch our smoke!

### Senior Notes

#### SOCIETY NOTICES

The Honorable Nebuchadnezzar of the Frances Shimer School has retired for the season. He has no message for the press, other than that he does not wish to be disturbed by any one outside of an honored class called "Seniors".

"Success lies in quality—but quantity is of great assistance."

The Senior class has begun its year with thirty-three loyal members. It held its first meeting September twenty-sixth, in Hathaway parlor. The officers elected were:

Agnes Reeves—President.  
Marjorie Strong—Vice President.



# THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Marguerite Fenske—Secretary.

Grace Thompson—Treasurer.

Miss Fox has kindly consented to be our counselor. With this splendid choice of officers and with Miss Fox as our advisor, we expect to have an exceptionally fine class. We old girls wish to welcome the new girls. Our Senior year is the culmination of all our joys and accomplishments of the other years spent at the school, and we hope that you girls will enjoy every minute of it as much as we expect to.

## Junior Class Notes

September nineteenth the Junior Class of the Academy held its first meeting. The officers were:

President—Vivian Ridell.

Vice President—Margaret Schoenfeldt.

Secretary-Treasurer—Frances Guylee.

We have been lucky in getting Miss Seidel for our counselor.

October twelfth the class entertained Miss Seidel at Katie's. You know what that means—fried chicken, mashed potatoes with luscious gravy, and last but not least, the famous "Food for the Gods".

The Junior Class has organized into an English Club. We call ourselves the Delta Mu's; meet once a week and are planning ever so many activities of the most interesting sort.

Won't blue and silver be becoming to Nebby's "school boy" complexion???

## Academy Sophomore Reports

On Wednesday, September 22nd, a meeting of the Academy sophomores was held to elect class officers. The following were chosen:

President—Isabel Harris.

Secretary—Sarah Porter.

Treasurer—Emily Reed.

Miss Chamberlain honors us by being our counselor.

That is about all we have done at present, but just wait until Thanksgiving. Then watch our dust!!

## Scattered Family Notes

Friends at Frances Shimer extend sincere sympathy to Helen Chapman Frost '21 in the loss of her father, Mr. Frederick L. Chapman, who died at the family home in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, on May 23.

Della Hinshaw '23 during the summer played one of the leading roles in the Central Community Chautauqua presentation of "His Honor", and was also soprano soloist for the Indiana Chautauqua Company.

Judith Aaron '23 was given honorable mention for excellence in scholarship in the Junior College of the University of Chicago at the June convocation.

Susie Matkin Gibbs, '05-07, is teaching Music in the Public Schools of Indianola, Illinois.

Lillian Howard '24 after a year at the University of Illinois has en-



## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

tered the Training School for Nurses at Wesley Hospital, Chicago. She writes of visits with Ruth Chrissinger '22 in Evanston and with Elizabeth Crowell '23.

Helen Strickler '10, daughter of Mrs. Jessie Miles Strickler '82, is making a leisurely trip around the world. At present she is teaching in Hilo, Hawaiian Islands.

Dorothy Crooke, '19-'20, was married on June 24 in New York City to Mr. Cecil Rhodes of Philadelphia. They sailed on June 26 on the President Roosevelt for a wedding trip of two months in Europe. After attending Frances Shimer Dorothy was graduated from Northwestern University. Mr. Rhodes graduated from the University of Pennsylvania.

Helen Kingery '14 has a secretarial position with the Carroll County Farm Bureau.

Elizabeth Kneeland, '20-'22, is a senior at William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia.

Julia Brittain '12 is in Rome, where she spent the year in study at the Academy. She has taken many trips to places of natural or historical interest in Italy, and she also spent a month at Carthage.

Jessie Campbell '06 and Beth Hostetter '02 sailed on the America on July 22 to spend a year abroad.

Rachel Fuller Brown, Faculty '21-'24, was awarded a Fellowship in Chemistry at the University of Chicago, where she is studying for the Ph. D. degree.

The engagement of Libbie Phillipson '19 to Mr. Ira M. Pink has been announced.

Texa Jordan '99, Supervisor of Art in the Public Schools of Wheeling, West Virginia, spent the summer in Chicago, studying in the Art Institute.

Mackay McCord is the name of a new daughter who came to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Cary P. McCord of Glendale, Ohio, early in July. The young lady is the granddaughter of Mrs. Susan Hostetter Mackay '80.

Edith Weber Tims '99 and her daughter Delight, who plans to enter Frances Shimer later, visited the School in August.

Mary Faison Dixon, ex-Faculty, was called to America from her home in Paris by the death of her father at Baltimore in June. Friends at Frances Shimer extend sympathy to Miss Dixon in her loss.

Julia Benson '24 is teaching in the Public Schools of Freeport, Illinois.

Mary Lohr '23 was graduated from Des Moines University in June.

Genevieve Pfleeger '25 is a Freshman at De Pauw University, Greencastle, Indiana.

Edith L. Gould '85, of Eaton, Ohio, sends greetings to the Record Staff from Yellowstone Park, which she visited while on a western trip with her sister, Mrs. Brooks.

Jeanne Boyd '09 was presented in a recital of original compositions by the Bush Conservatory of Music, in Chicago. She is a member of the faculty. The program of fourteen songs included "Wind From the South," "Balloons in the Snow," "In Italy," "Canzonetta," and others of Miss Boyd's songs that are familiar to her Mt. Carroll audiences.



# THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Bergeson (Evalyn Simpson, '12-'13) and small daughters Bettie and Ann, of Bismarek, North Dakota, called at the School in August on their way home from an auto trip to the Atlantic coast.

Ruth Barker '24 is gradually improving in health at Sunnymount Sanitarium in Santa Fe, New Mexico. She writes of a happy day with Martha Barnhart '25, who stopped off enroute to California.

Elizabeth Gardener Earney, '05-'07, with her two children, Billy and Shirley, were the guests of friends in Mt. Carroll during the summer.

Mr. E. O. Lee, husband of Jennie Cummings Lee '73, died in Long Beach, California, on August 17. Mr. Lee was an attorney and for thirty-five years he has been prominently identified with the legal business and social activities of Salt Lake City, Utah, where they resided. The *Record* extends sympathy to Mrs. Lee in her loss.

Mabel Morris '23 and Marjorie Thompson '23 sent greetings from Boston, where they met by accident while touring the New England states this summer.

Virginia Carr, '19-'20, sailed from New York on August 28 for Beirut, Syria, where she will work as assistant to Dr. Harris, director of the medical school of the American University there.

Margaret Powell '87 was the guest of Mrs. Jessie Hall Miles '87 in Mt. Carroll during the summer. Miss Powell teaches in the public schools of Chicago.

Hazel Lenhart '25 visited the School at the opening, bringing her cousin, Rachel Lenhart, who entered as a college freshman.

Marian Hopkins '21 was graduated in June from the Sargent School of Physical Education.

Dorothea von Oven '23 will continue her college work in the University of Colorado, transferring from Beloit College.

Ruth Birdsall '22 spent the summer working on a country weekly, conducting a column called "From Cellar to Attic," "which includes," she writes, "practically everything from recipes and labor-saving devices to advice on baby's diet and to the lovelorn." She will continue her college work at the University of Illinois.

A reunion of Frances Shimer girls at Humboldt, Iowa, during the summer included Marjorie Thompson '23, Edith Stone '24, Muriel Preble '25, Leota Blow '23, Evelyn Caille '24, Mary Branson '24, and Edna Eastbrooks '24.

Prudence McKenzie '18 is teaching English in the Junior-Senior High School in Rochester, Minnesota.

Maxine Corbin '25, Irma Lambert '25, Lois Linbarger '10, and Carol Pierson, '09-'10, were guests at the Who's Who Party the first Saturday evening after the opening of School.

Louise Fisher, '93-'94, is studying at the Southern Branch of the University of California.

Mrs. Henry S. Ferguson, who as Jennie Pierson, was a student in the School in the early seventies, died in August at her home in Kansas City. During the twenty-five years of her residence there Mrs. Ferguson was



## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

prominently identified with various philanthropic enterprises and at the time of her death was an active officer in several charitable organizations.

Janet Mills '25 has entered a training school for nurses in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Mabel Morris '23 is back at Iowa City teaching English in the University High School, and taking work at the University toward a M. A. degree.

Marie Solsted Kempton, '22-'23, is living at Figarden, near Fresno, California, in the midst of 12,000 acres of fig groves, in which industry her husband is engaged.

Carrie Bailey Kemp, '12-'13, is living in New York City at present, where her husband is director of the American Legion Endowment Drive.

Cleo Lamb, ex-Faculty, has been appointed Home Bureau Advisor for Stephenson County, Illinois.

Eleanor Welch '23 and Mabelle Cubbon '22 are seniors at Illinois Wesleyan.

Martha Barrhart '25, who is studying at the School of Speech, Northwestern University, spent the week-end of October 10-12 with friends at school. On a trip west during the summer she visited Ruth Barger '24, who is in a sanitarium in Santa Fe, New Mexico, met Ruth Heller '24 in San Francisco, Evalyn Black '24 returning from an Alaskan trip in Portland, and Emily Klein '25 at Banff, in the Canadian Rockies.

Sophie Perry '25 sailed on October 21 for a year abroad. Sophie will enter school in Switzerland, while her parents will reside in Vienna, where Dr. Perry will do post-graduate work in medical schools and hospitals.

Grace Maurie Mitchell, ex-Faculty, is teaching Violin and Piano in the State Normal School at Monmouth, Oregon.

Dora Spath Stiles, '13-'14, writes from her home in Coconut Grove, Florida, "I now have three sturdy youngsters to keep my hours filled: Philip, age five years, Robert, three, and little Katherine Ruth, a future F. S. S. girl, born March 15, 1925."

Geraldine Hegert Schuyler '19 writes from her home in Grand Rapids, Michigan, of a visit with Irene Guenther Barton '18 in Chicago and with Marion Frost Hugenson, who is the proud mother of a small daughter and a son, younger. While in Spencer, Iowa, during the summer, she attended a reunion of Frances Shimer girls in honor of Virginia Taggart and Olive Smith, who were then making plans to enter Frances Shimer. The group included Margaret Avery Dunning, '19-'20, Leota Blow '23, Edith Stone '24, Thelma Olson, '20-'21, Luella Smith '21, and Gertrude Munger '14. Mrs. Schuyler is the mother of a young son, who is, she says, "as nice as any, in fact, nicer."

Helen Hardy Brown '23 and her husband visited at the School on October 7, enroute to Eldora, Iowa, for a visit with Luella Harris Johnson '23.

Caryl Cook Macy, '11-'12, died at her home in Knoxville, Iowa, in September. For several years she has interpreted Barrie's Peter Pan with



# THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

great success and has been known as "the Peter Pan girl". Friends were expecting to hear her read the drama again at Frances Shimer last May, when illness obliged her to cancel all her engagements.

Frances Shimer friends extend sympathy to Miss May M. Smith, ex-Faculty, in the loss of her sister, who died in August at the family home in Chicago. Miss Smith has returned to her work in Borea College.

Viola Modersohn Grant '17 lives on a large farm near Greenleaf, Wisconsin. She has two children, a boy and a girl.

During a recent visit in Milledgeville Miss Morrison met Margaret Eastabrooks '22, Emily Spanogle, '16-'17, and Lula Puterbaugh, '05-'06, who sent greetings through the *Record* to all the "old girls" of their day.

Mary Branson '24, owing to the death of her father in September, was obliged to resign her position in the Junior High School at Warren. She and her mother are spending the winter in California. Frances Shimer friends extend sympathy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Miles (Jessie Hall '27) are starting on December 3 for a trip around the world.

Lois Llubarger '10 and Carol Pierson, '09-'10, spent a week-end at the School in September.

For several years after leaving school Irene Prust held a responsible clerical position in Green Bay, Wisconsin. She is now Mrs. Earl Falk and resides in Greenleaf, Wisconsin. Her sister Doris is a College Freshman at Frances Shimer this year.

Lola Dynes '21 returned in September to the State Teachers' College in Valley City, North Dakota, as Instructor in Home Economics.

Helen Pratt '18 won the \$600 scholarship offered by the Bush Conservatory, Chicago, where she is now studying for the second year. She also holds the position of soloist in a large church, where she is a general favorite.

Harriett Nase Conrell '89 has recently had her latest play, "The Harvest", accepted for publication by an eastern house.

Grace Reynolds Squires '07 sang at recital given during the fall by the Mendelssohn Club of Rockford, of which she is a member.

Mrs. A. J. Shearer of Burlington, California, having read in the San Francisco Bulletin of the gift of Mrs. Winona Branch Sawyer '71 to the School, writes to say she was a student here in 1876-'77, and asks for literature of the School in order that she may "revive some memories of those golden days of youth."

Alice Garland Kellogg, College, '22-'23, daughter of Alice Garland, '91-'03, is a Junior this year in the University of Michigan.

Captain and Mrs. Porter Pisa Wiggins (Doris Leach '13), who have been for some years in Porto Rico, are now stationed at Fort Howard in Maryland. She writes of meeting Vera Meneilley '13, Miriam Sampson '13, and Miss Eleanor Brown, ex-Faculty, in Minneapolis while visiting there during the summer.

Former Frances Shimer students are living and working in almost all



parts of the world today. The following letter from Ruby Hughes Gotthill, '03-'06, comes from a quarter somewhat remote from the beaten paths of travel:

Sura, Fiji Island, August 17, 1925.

In Fiji we are in the midst of winter, if you can so call it. It is much cooler than we really expected it to be and we are exceedingly glad of the few sweaters and things that we reserved for use on the boat coming down. We frequently need two blankets over us at night. We greatly appreciate the cool tho', however, and shall be sorry to part with it. The only difference it makes outside is that the lawns grow less fast and three of the very many species of trees and shrubs here lose their leaves. These three species are not abundant so the verdure is not impaired. Some of the trees as the Mummy Apple or Papaya continue to ripen fruit all winter long though it is slightly less full-flavored in the cool weather. The Mangoes are in full bloom now with a fragrant foamy froth of bloom over the outside of their leafy domes. The only hint of autumn coloring we get is in the yellowing of the Wi leaves and the reddening of the Tavola leaves before they fall, but to make up for that many of the trees achieve a beautiful color effect in putting out new leaves, which have beautiful shades of pink or red, and one has new leaves of purest white. Many of the forest trees as well as the ornamental ones have large and showy flowers which stay out for a long time. It must soon be time for the orange and lemon blossoms now.

We find the Fijians the most picturesque and pleasant natives imaginable and never tire of watching them on the streets, or in their trim little villages, or elsewhere. Their dignified and friendly courtesy never seems to fail or even to be of limited amount, and yet they never push themselves forward unduly or really intrude. Many people lament the backwardness of Fiji and covet for it a commercial development comparable with Hawaii, but I for one rejoice to have seen it while it was in this unspoiled, if undeveloped state. Except for renouncing cannibalism and wearing an additional garment or two out of consideration for Missionary teaching and the conventions of the whites—"ka vavalangi" the Native customs and political control is little changed. To education they have taken kindly. One of the Ratus or chiefs has even achieved an Oxford degree and an accent for all the world like an Oxford Don, but he has returned to his people and wears the short skirt or sulu that has been adopted by them and goes barelegged and bare footed like the rest even on such formal occasions as a society wedding last week, when he happened to be the only representative of his race among two hundred or more Europeans. This arrangement is much more becoming than trousers and shoes and their naturally good taste is acute enough to realize it. The rank and file show only a shirt or singlet above the sulu but the Ratus, at least on formal occasions, wear perfectly laundered shirts and collars with neat ties and beautifully fitting tailored coats of the finest English cloths. Nature has blessed them with sufficient head dress even



for tropic suns under which Europeans need half an inch of cork, and the care of the hair is of great import to every Fijian. The great chiefs of the old days had as many as a score of barbers whose office was so important that they were not allowed even to feed themselves. I believe each hair had to be treated separately to make it stand out, and they slept with little wooden neck rests to keep from disarranging it as the Japanese do. Of their skin, too, they take good care, washing often and oiling with scented cocoanut oil. With this care of their persons and their fine physiques and easy but dignified carriage and demeanor they are rather superb in a fashion of their own. And what a contrast to the blacks we have seen elsewhere with a failing for yellow shoes, noisy plaids, and large but false precious stones!

My husband's mission here, conducting a campaign against the Levuana moth, a pest of cocoanuts, seems to be making definite progress with a good prospect of ultimate control. He has lately been made Acting Superintendent of Agriculture as well so he has plenty to think about. Some of the planters would rather have him give his whole time to Levuana, but there are inevitable periods of watchful waiting when he does not mind thinking about pineapples, cotton and bananas, which are the other important crops, after the main one of copra, the dried meat of the cocoanut. There is a good prospect of getting a new building for this department soon, so that will be pleasant.

We have been exceedingly comfortable here in Suva where we have every convenience of modern life such as running water and sewerage, telephones, ice, electricity, fresh meat and green vegetables, even a daily paper such as it is, and a hundred miles or so of good motoring roads. There are Presbyterian, Anglican and Roman Catholic churches for the European community, Sikh ones for the Indians, and Wesleyan, Seventh Day Adventist, and R. C. for the natives. The Europeans have a Grammar School for Boys and one for Girls, and there is an R. C. Convent school and a Marist Brothers "College", I believe. There is an Indian School which is not too good but the native schools seem fairly efficient with one or more large schools of advanced standing attended mostly by lads of chiefly rank. We often pass the Queen Victoria Native School where the little rats are in residence for the term. They have an European head master in residence and several other native and European ones. They have a delightful site well away from the outskirts of the town on hills overlooking the Rewa Valley and the sea. They cultivate their own fields of native foods, such as taro, yams, and bananas, have their own fowls, and I fancy, wash their own sulus and shirts. They are building a new sports field where they will kick foot-balls enormous distances with naked feet as we see Fijians do every Saturday afternoon in the Sports field at the foot of our hill. As further amenities I might mention a Carnegie Library, a Golf Club, Tennis, Bowling, Hockey, Cricket, a couple of Social clubs with club houses, and so on. And there is an apparently abundant supply of more or less trained Indian domestic help at reasonable prices



so no wonder a lot of people face the prospect of spending their lives here with moderate equanimity. Have we any draw-backs? Oh yes! Motor spirit is expensive, and you can't buy ready-mades for children; shoes and gloves mould; and mail comes only a couple of times a month from the right direction and then sometimes in insufficient quantities! Some seasons are a bit wet but there has been only just enough this year, so we are lucky.

Please remember me to my old friends in Mt. Carroll. I mean to get back there one day if I have to send my daughter to Frances Shimer in order to get there myself! Her daddy seems to think she couldn't do better which is rather nice of him when his own traditions are British. But I'll not make a formal application for a year or two anyway. She is only eight at present. And the Dean mustn't retire or anything before I get her there, of course.

## Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Walter (Genevieve Jeffrey '17) a son, James Jeffrey, July 6, 1925, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ross B. Hostetter (Florence Englebrecht '17) a daughter, Angeline Beth, July 1, Mount Carroll.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arnold S. Watson (Carolyn Johnson, '20-'21) a son, Arnold Sinclair, Jr., January 23, 1925, Oak Park, Illinois.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Oliver Johnson (Eloise Jeffrey '18) a son, John Oliver, Jr., September 25, 1925, Chesterton, Indiana.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lester Merton Chase (Grace Russell '02-'04) a son, Lester Merton, Jr., September 22, 1925, Pekin, Illinois.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Moots (Grace Riddle '19) a daughter, Mary Ann, September 12, 1925, Bloomington, Illinois.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Ivan Stiles (Dora Spath '13-'14) a daughter, Katherine Ruth, on March 15, 1925, Coconut Grove, Florida.

## Marriages

Myrtle Hall '23 to Burton Richard Bancroft on February 14, 1925, at Oak Park.

Dorothy Crooke, '19-'20, to Cecil Rhodes on June 24, in New York City.

Agnes Collins '16 to Mr. Richard Edward Janssen, on June 24, 1925, at North Bend, Nebraska. At home, Gothenburg, Nebraska.

Helen Patton '22 to Mr. Charles F. Ritchie on August 24, 1925, at Mount Carroll, Illinois. At home, 204 Oakland, Avenue, Birmingham, Michigan.

Ruth Kngery '23 to Mr. Fred Noble on August 23, 1925, at Mount Carroll, Illinois.

Margaret Murray, Faculty '24-'25, to Mr. Roger Bridgford Russell, on August 22 at Winnetka, Illinois. At home after October 1, 514 Brittingham Boulevard, Madison, Wisconsin.

## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Virginia Haskell, '19-'20, to Mr. Clay Skinner, on July 25, at Princeton, Illinois.

Carrie Bailey, '12-'13, to Mr. S. R. Kempt on June 12, in Delevan, Illinois. At home, Hotel St. George, New York City.

Myrtie Ann Bean, Faculty '23-'25, to Mr. Ralph Deering on September 1, Vienna, Maine.

Helen Hardy '23 to Mr. Dallas Albert Brown on October 1, 1925, Flint, Michigan. At home 1315 Liberty Street, Flint.

Louise Featherstone '19 to Mr. William Foster Ingram, Jr., on September 10, 1925, at Sioux City, Iowa.







Miss Wardwell—"Have you done your outside reading?"

Jeanette Butler—"No, it's been too cold."

Miss Emerson—"Where did Napoleon go for his supporters?" "PARIS  
PERHAPS."

Miss Peters—"Today we will name the lowest type of animals, beginning with Marguerite Fenske on the front row."

Sign in window—"Man wanted."

Agnes Reeves—"Huh, you haven't got anything on me."

Katie—"Where's that paper plate I gave you with your pie?"

Bee Williams—"Oh, I thought that was the lower crust."

Mary Brearton—"Wish I could ask you a question about a tragedy."

Miss Parker—"Well?"

Mary B.—"What is my grade?"

The Joke Editor may write till her finger tips are sore,  
BUT some one is sure to exclaim, "Oh, phsaw, I've read that before."

# THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Joke Editor—"Isn't that a good joke? It's my own."

Editor—"Are you as old as that?"

Miss Luenzman (making an announcement in A. A.)—"Girls, come out and sign up for hockey practice this afternoon on the bulletin board."

## OUR PSYCHOLOGY TEST

Underline the word or phrase in the following assertions that will make each assertion end to your greatest satisfaction.

1. The "Moonlight Sonata" is played with rackets, pins, cards, dice.
2. Mary Pickford is a famous racehorse, vampire, breakfast food, steam boat.
3. The number of feet on a twelve-inch rule is three, five, seven, nine.
4. Asbestos is the Capital of Greece, Armenia, Caucasia, Korea.
5. In his own country a prophet is without whiskers, alcohol, press agents, temptation.
7. Hannibal crossing the Delaware on elephant back remarked, "Lafayette, we are here," "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes," "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

## SENIOR "PRIVS"

Agnes stands in Hathaway lounge  
Before the Senior class.  
"Girls, if you ever want your 'privs',  
Act like the Puritan lass."

Up and spake sister Cavanaugh,  
Sat on "Ag's" right knee,  
"Morry also says that we must  
Have much more dignity."

O long, long will the Seniors wait  
For their almighty "privs",  
Until some day the Faculty  
Their worked-for freedom gives.

Grace Thompson, *Academy '26.*

## DIDJA' EVER?

Didja' ever have a feelin'  
That the breakfast bell had rung,  
And you hurry like the dickens,  
Break a shoe-string as you run—  
Didja' ever?



Didja' ever go to Latin class  
 With not a sentence done,  
 Nor your French nor English either,  
 Just 'cause you'd had some fun—  
 Didja' ever?

Didja' ever hear from Morrie  
 With a little "Please see me",  
 And you think of all your mischief,  
 Wonder which thing it could be—  
 Didja' ever?

Didja' ever go a-sneakin'  
 Off to Katie's after lunch,  
 Walk in fear of meetin' teachers,  
 Then bump into quite a bunch—  
 Didja' ever?

Didja' ever go a-creepin'  
 After light bell down the hall,  
 Turn a corner, meet a teacher,  
 What she said can you recall—  
 Didja' ever?

Didn'tja ever, didn'tja ever?  
 Then you're no sport at all,  
 'Cause in boarding school they'll ask you,  
 And your "rep" will quickly fall,  
 If you can't say "Yes" to  
 Didja' ever?

Dorothea Trattles, *Academy '26.*

### Exchanges

We are glad to acknowledge THE KLAXON from Wayland Academy, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, as an exchange. Your paper is good. It has plenty of "pep" and life to it. Why don't you try an eight-page issue? It will help you and prove popular with your readers.

THE WAYLAND GREETINGS, published quarterly, is also on our exchange list. Where are your snap shots? They help outsiders to form an opinion of life in your Academy. And how about a few jokes? We like you a lot, Wayland Greetings; keep up the good work.

Hail to thee! CERBERUS from Ashley Hall, Charlestown, South Carolina. You have a novel name and a most appropriate one. If you have many writers like the authors of "One of the Bunch" and "My Story",

# THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

you are to be envied. Enjoyed your "Carrots". Send us some pictures, though, in your next issue.

*The Frances Shimer Record* wishes to acknowledge:

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THE CADILLAC Motor Car Company takes pleasure in bringing to your attention the clipping below which appeared in its sales magazine, The Cadillac Clearing House, on September 17th, 1925---



CADILLAC automobiles have been used at the Frances Shimer School, Mt. Carroll, Illinois, since the cars were built with one cylinder and a door in the back of the tonneau. The car in this picture has been used since 1913. It has traveled 45,000 miles. The cylinders have never been rebored. The car is good for 10 years more.



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